



# IT SEEMS LIKE AN AGE SINCE WE PARTED.

Words by  
**CORA LINDEN**

Song & Chorus

MUSIC BY

## H. P. DANKS.

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PHILADELPHIA  
**ROBERTS & HALL.**  
545 N. 8TH ST. BELOW GREEN.

# IT SEEMS LIKE AN AGE SINCE WE PARTED.

Words by CORA LINDEN.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

*Legato.* SS

VOICE. 1. Oh, it  
2. Oh, my  
3. Oh, it

PIANO.

seems . . . . . like an age since we part - - ed, 'Neath the  
dar - - - ling is win - some and bon - - nie; Like a  
seems . . . . . like an age since we part - - ed, But in

shade . . . . . of the dark wav - ing pine, . . . . . Where to-  
faun, . . . . . she is grace - ful and light; . . . . . In her  
dreams . . . . . I am still at her side; . . . . . We are

geth - - er we sat in the gloam - ing, . . . And her hand . . . light-ly rest-ed in  
 eye . . . is a lus-tre that spark - les, . . . Brighter far . . . than the jew-els of  
 watch - - ing our own native riv - - er, . . . And a - way . . . o'er its bosom we

mine; But I know that her heart beats as warm - ly,— That she  
 night: Yes, my dar - - ling is winsome and bon - nie; On her  
 glide: I am com - - ing; oh yes, I am com - ing To her

clings to me fond-ly as then, . . . And I know, for the zephyrs have  
 cheek is the rich tint-ed glow . . . Of the del - - i-cate rose and the  
 vine - - cov-ered home in the glen; . . . I can read in the star-beams a-

whis - - pered, . . . That I soon . . . shall be - hold her a - gain.  
 li - - - ly, . . . . And her heart . . . is as pure as the snow.  
 above me . . . . That I soon . . . shall be - hold her a - gain.

# CHORUS.

*Sop.* Oh, it seems like an age since we part - ed, 'Neath the shade of the dark waving

*Alto.* Oh, it seems like an age, like an age since we part - ed, 'Neath the shade of the dark waving,

*Tenor.* Oh, it seems like an age, like an age since we part - ed, 'Neath the shade of the

*Bass.*

*PIANO.*

It Seems Like an Age, etc.

pine, . . . Where to - geth - - - er we sat in the gloam - ing, And her

dark waving pine, Where to - geth-er we sat in the gloaming, the gloam - ing, And her

dark waving pine, Where to - geth-er we sat in the gloaming, the gloam - ing, And her

*rall.*  
hand light-ly rest-ed in mine.

*rall.*  
hand lightly rest - - ed, it rest-ed in mine.

*rall.*  
hand lightly rest - ed, light - ly rest - ed in mine.

*rall.*  
hand lightly rest - - ed in mine.

*rall.* *a tempo.* *55*